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SEIZURE OF JUSTIN AND HIS WIFE.

## THE RESTORED DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER II.

THE day which priests and princes had schemed for came at last, with all its noise and splendour. The Dolenskis, as they stood amid the dense and

shouting crowd outside the barriers, saw their daughter in a robe of purple velvet laced with gold, conducted by two esquires, two gentlewomen, and two trainbearers, to her place in the gallery of princesses, opposite the amphitheatre. What more

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they saw of robes, and coronets, and plumes, of glittering armour and fair faces, neither distinctly remembered; but as the clock chimed noon on the high church of Cracow, the Polish banner was unfurled. The president of the diet, followed by all the deputies, came out, leading a pale, serious-looking young man, whom he presented to the people, while four heralds stationed at the cardinal points proclaimed, that "the most puissant, the most august, most illustrious Prince Sigismund of Sweden was duly elected by the free votes of the Sarmatian Diet, King of Great and Little Poland, of Upper and Lower Lithuania, of Livonia, Courland, and the Cossacks."

A shout went up of "God save king Sigismund!" There was a crash of trumpets and cymbals, the cannon thundered in all the camps, answering thunders rolled from the ramparts of Cracow, and the election was over.

"Now we will see our daughter," said Eustachia, as she busied herself in some preparations of their poor tent. "I wonder Michael has not returned! Where can he be?"

While she spoke, the tent was filled with men of the Polish watch, who, crying, "Haste! haste! we will have no pest people here," seized on Justin and his wife, hurried them into a great wagon, in spite of their asseverations that the plague had not been at Kieydany that year, and, commanding two men who had charge of the oxen to drive at the peril of their lives, the door was fastened and they were driven far and fast on the great road to Lithuania.

The roads of Poland were in those times mere beaten ways leading through plain and forest, and divided into stages by solitary hostels which afforded shelter rather than accommodation to travellers. From hostel to hostel the pair were hurried on, ill provided with necessaries and allowed little rest, so that Justin was quite broken down, and Eustachia was exhausted, when the wagoners left them at their own hoff gate in the grey of a summer morning. Their own wagon, their travelling goods, and their faithful Michael, had been left behind; and the only explanation they had obtained from their rude escort, two Gallician peasants, was that "somebody, doubtless a great prince or bishop, had told the chief of the watch, whose duty it was to keep Vola clear of all disease and disorder, that the plague was in their tent, and he had ordered them to be sent home immediately, and all their travelling goods to be burned"—that being the rule on such occasions. The men evidently believed that there was a truer cause for their expulsion, but they were unquestioning instruments of power.

The feudal system, which yet prevails in the north, was the constitution of Poland in those days. The whole country, excepting some chartered towns, belonged to its noble families, the remaining millions being their serfs, whose moral and social condition was fully expressed by the peasant proverb, "What I drink is mine."

In such a state of things it was easy to find a pretext for removing the father and mother from a scene where their conscientious scruples or parental influence might interfere with great men's designs. Emerich Dolenski did not do it himself; but he suffered it to be done by the bland-spoken governess

and her confessor, a Franciscan friar, whose mortifying piety never permitted him to touch soap and water. Through what low and miry places does worldly ambition often lead its votaries! Emerich almost hated his poor brother and sister-in-law for not being found more compliant, and was secretly enraged at his niece for retaining any vestige of affection for her parents. All that cunning and experience could suggest had been done to estrange the girl's mind from them. Surrounded by splendour, told continually of her noble relations and magnificent prospects, their names were seldom mentioned in her hearing. Their letters were almost entirely suppressed, her own gifts and kindly letters to her mother were superseded by the chilly notes which had often saddened Eustachia, and no insinuation was spared that could make Anna regard them and their faith as a disgrace. These efforts had not succeeded. Indeed, the girl's would-be instructors never dreamed how very little they had effected. Under a gay but gentle manner, and a most docile disposition, Anna possessed a more than ordinary understanding, an unobtrusive love of truth, and a singular constancy of mind. On this account the vanities of the court and the pomps of the Romish ritual took less hold on her youth than they would have done on a character less sound and true. Partially seeing through their frivolousness and falsehood, the young girl accepted them only because she had no better guidance, and never believed implicitly in either priest or governess. Besides, careless as her parents had been before she left their home, Anna's childhood was not altogether untaught. Snatches of hymns and texts of scripture yet remained in the girl's mind, bound up with the loving remembrance of her mother. She had promised herself to do great things for her parents, having already perceived that uncle Emerich was not as kind as he might have been, and felt deeply disappointed when she was told that they had gone away without so much as taking leave of her. In that dense gathering her parents had been so far removed in rank and locality from the heiress of Lyszczyński, that she had no opportunity of knowing the truth, and none of the retainers dared to deceive her.

"Surely they do not love me, or they would not have done so," thought Anna; but little time was given her for reflection. Joust, banquet, and dance succeeded each other in the camps of the princes, and in all the festivities it was contrived that Anna should have a prominent part, till on the arrival of intelligence that queen Catherine was dangerously ill at Stockholm, the gaieties were suddenly closed, the field was emptied of its thousands, and she was sent to comfort her royal play-mate the princess Anna. There was no lack of gentlewomen, pages, and an armed guard on that journey; but all the way it was remarked that an old peasant, with a military uprightness of carriage and iron-grey hair, kept in the wake of the lady Anna's escort. His appearance much disquieted its nominal commander, count Sigismund Dolenski, as they now called Emerich's son, whom his confessors had succeeded in making a superstitious, feeble-minded youth; for he was sure the old man was a sorcerer. Sorcery and witchcraft were prevalent beliefs of the age; but count Sigismund's terrors on those subjects were laughed at by all the younger courtiers,



and served to amuse Anna and her train on their dreary journey, which was made overland, through provinces now Russian, but then divided between Poland and Sweden, till at the entrance of Stockholm the old man was lost sight of, and the news which met them absorbed all attention. Queen Catherine, the strength and trust of the northern Romanists, was fast nearing that bourne where royal crown and priestly power avail not. The court was consequently in great agitation, not with grief—for through a long life of serving the Jesuits and maintaining court etiquette, Catherine Jagellon had given little cause for regret at her departure—but her dependants trembled for their posts. Covetous men of all parties intrigued to obtain them, and the Jesuits endeavoured to get as large bequests as possible from the dying queen.

As for Anna, she found her friend less troubled than terrified. The queen had always looked coldly on her youngest child, for not being what she called devout—otherwise, superstitious. More grave and timid than Anna Dolenski, from the mixture of monastic discipline and state ceremonial in which she had been brought up, the young princess was not less clear of understanding or keen to perceive, and the remnants of her companion's early education had been imparted to her in the course of their intimacy. Notwithstanding palace etiquette, a sincere and confiding friendship had grown between the girls. No one suspected of what subjects they spoke; but now the princess had need of a friend to talk with, for a strange horror darkened the death-bed of her mother. In spite of two chantries founded expressly for the repose of her soul—in spite of costly gifts to every shrine of note, from Rome to Kiof—in spite even of a large annuity just bequeathed to the Jesuit college in Cracow—queen Catherine was haunted by terrors of purgatory which would not be soothed away. The most able comforters of his order had been sent for to assist father Warszewicki in allaying her fears, but their consolations were so blended with the power of the church, the necessity of masses, and the danger of leaving one thought unconfessed, that the unhappy woman became more terrified than ever. Miserable comforters indeed in such an hour must all human remedies be; for faith in the atoning sacrifice of the crucified One can alone give solid peace to the troubled soul. Her son and husband were absent settling the affairs of the new kingdom and the right of succession. Within and without the palace all were occupied with their peculiar interests, except the princess Anna, who grieved for her mother's state, and father Warszewicki, because certain Dominicans were taking the opportunity to insinuate that the queen's confessor must be deficient in spiritual management.

"I have been thinking, Anna, that the preachers whom our Swedish people go to hear in the old churches of the town might do my mother some good, though they are called heretics," said the princess to her friend, as they stood alone in the great gallery leading to the queen's chamber. "If you come with me," continued the timid girl, "I will ask her to send for one of them."

Anna Dolenski had no hope in the effort, but she replied by taking her friend's hand, and they glided together into the sick-room. The night

watchers had left that bleak though stately chamber, for it was early in the summer day, and unknown to the young girls the queen had sent for her confessor. The tapestried walls, the floor thickly strewn with branches of the spruce fir, and the great bed hung with crimson velvet, had a chilly and gloomy effect, especially when it was known by the traditions of the palace that no less than eleven queens had died in that chamber.

They heard queen Catherine moan under the golden fringe and crimson velvet; but, as the princess' hand was raised to draw the curtain, her courage failed, and she stepped behind the huge tent-like bed to recover her composure. Anna involuntarily did the same, and at that moment the confessor entered. He shut the door carefully, as if assured there was no one there but himself and the dying queen. The heavy drapery completely concealed the girls from his view; but Anna's quick eye perceived signs of impatience unusual in the composed countenance of the Jesuit. The first impulse of both was to step out and unfold their errand, but fear of father Warszewicki kept them quiet. He had already drawn the curtain, and they heard queen Catherine say, in a faint broken voice:—

"Father, I have sent for you thus early, because I have been troubled all night with sinful doubts concerning the masses that are to be said for my soul. If they should be neglected, or"—and her voice sunk still lower—"if, as the heretics say, they should be useless."

"These *are* sinful thoughts, my daughter," said the confessor. "Whenever they occur, you should repeat an act of faith."

"Oh father, I cannot," cried the queen. "That fearful place of expiation still rises before me—I dream of its horrid fire. Can you and all the priests do nothing more for me?"

There was a moment's pause, and the girls distinctly heard father Warszewicki say, in a deep whisper: "Madame, trouble yourself and me no more on this matter. Purgatory is but a fable invented for the ignorant!"

Then came a gasping sound, as if one tried to speak but could not. The confessor sprang to the door, sounded the silver whistle, which served as a bell in those days, and retired along the gallery. By the time a few careless attendants arrived, the princess Anna was chafing the damp hands of her mother, who seemed to be in a fit of catalepsy; the chief physician was summoned, and by his efforts she recovered some degree of strength, but never consciousness. Her eyes wandered wildly from face to face, her speech was broken and incoherent. At sunset, extreme unction was administered, and at midnight queen Catherine died, but the last words she was heard to utter were, "A fable invented for the ignorant! What then is true?"

The palace was hung with black. The monks and friars assembled to chant the dirge, and the court mourning was made ready, but there seemed no grief except with the now orphan princess. In her sorrow she refused to see priest or confessor, gentlewoman or governess, and would speak with no one but Anna Dolenski and a poor friar who had laboured long in Lapland as a missionary, and was grievously suspected of being a Lutheran.



This was thought very strange; but wonders did not end there. While a contention between the Jesuits and the Dominicans for command of the royal obsequies engaged the attention of the governesses, both grave and gay, the pages of the palace remarked that an old man, much like him who had marched with the train from Poland, was introduced by the suspected friar and conversed long with Lady Anna in the princess's apartments. Stranger still, on the morning after queen Catherine's funeral, the heiress of Lyszczyński was nowhere to be found. Search was made in every quarter, a courier was sent express to her uncle at Cracow, and count Sigismund almost rejoiced in the confirmation of his belief that the old man was a sorcerer.

We have said it was a long way between the court of Stockholm and the Lithuanian hoff, and a far different scene was the Baltic town with its gothic towers and churches, from the level plain, in the midst of which rose the rustic spires of Kiejdany. Travellers who explored that plain to the north and eastward met with pine woods and marshes, but on the south and west it was one wide stretch of corn and pasture land to the banks of the Niemen. Great oaks and pines towered up among the corn—the solitary survivors of a forgotten forest. Small lakes glistened among the pastures, where herds of the long-horned Polish cattle and half-wild horses grazed, and herdsmen pitched their summer tents beside them. The tall trees had caught a tinge of gold upon their topmost boughs. There was a gleam of sickles among the yellow corn, for summer was waning fast into harvest, and reapers were abroad throughout Lithuania, among fields whose early ripened though scanty sheaves were already half cut down; and hard by a little lake, planted round with fir trees, in which the herons roosted, stood the old hoff of doctor Robertus. It was a square fabric built of pine logs, with a roof of thatch and clay now thickly covered with grapes and ground-ivy; a low but massive fence, also log-built, with a strong timber gate, inclosed the dwelling and its dependencies. In its principal apartment, a long room with lattice-work windows, carved oaken stools and tables, a rush-covered floor, and a hearth of tiles, on which the evening fire was lighted, sat the poor parents of Anna Dolenski. Their servants were all busy in the fields, and much was the trusty hand of Michael missed among them. For Justin had been so sorely shaken by that forced journey that he was unable to attend as usual to crop or field. The harvest brought them little cheer or comfort. Perplexed and almost broken-hearted, they knew not what to do or think concerning Emerich and their daughter. Sometimes Justin talked of going to Cracow on his recovery, and demanding justice, but the impracticability of that step was well known to Eustachia. The sun was sloping to the westward, for it was far in the afternoon: there was silence without and within the old hoff. Worn out with talking and thinking of their troubles, Justin had dropped into a sort of doze on the bench where he sat, and Eustachia twirled her distaff slowly, for her thoughts were not on the wool she spun. Suddenly there came a sound of horses' feet at full speed. They stopped at the gate, she saw it flung open by the

hand of their own Michael. His mistress was at the door in an instant, but a young girl in a poor peasant habit, who had sprung from the second horse, rushed into her arms, crying, "Mother, dear mother, I am come to stay with you, and never go back to those cunning deceivers!"

What tears of joy did the father and mother shed over their child, thus restored to them; and what a wondrous tale was unfolded of providential working, even through the craft and tyranny of men! The expulsion of his master and mistress from the field of Vola, under what Michael knew to be a false pretext, had incited the shrewd and faithful servant to follow their daughter all the way to Stockholm, in hopes, as he said, of "letting her know what sort of people she lived among," which, by means of the suspected friar, who had been born in Lithuania, Michael succeeded in doing, but not till she and the young princess, by what seemed the merest accident, heard the impatient Jesuit make that avowal to the dying queen which changed the whole current of her daughter's inward life; for ever after her mother's death princess Anna was known to the whole court as a Lutheran. Nor could the utmost efforts of her brother, the bigoted Sigismund, shake the firmness of her faith, which she verified in the sight of men by a most virtuous life.

Readers, the incident of queen Catherine's death-bed is no fiction. The Swedish historian Puffendorf records it amongst other facts of those contending times. As for the Dolenskis, they lived in peace at the old hoff. Prince Christopher the palatine took them under his special protection, at the request of the princess Anna, who never forgot the friend of her early days, though she ceased to be called the heiress of Lyszczyński; for Anna Dolenski read her father's bible and chose her father's faith, much to the indignation of her uncle and prince Vladislav. The latter, indeed, struck her name out of his testament, and for some time before his death was supposed to be divided in his choice of an heir between count Ludowic Zamoisky and Emerich's son. Well-informed people said the latter had never been thought of by prince Vladislav; but queen Catherine's confessor performed a signal act of service to his order, by persuading the grasping Emerich that if his son had only sufficient fortune of his own to make a princely appearance, the old man would certainly prefer him. The bait was too well gilded for the scheming cunning courtier to resist. He immediately settled the gatherings of his many crafty years on count Sigismund; and that superstitious son gave proof of his training by immediately devoting himself and his father's substance to the new Jesuit convent established in Cracow, six months after the election with which our tale began. Finding himself thus cheated, Emerich had recourse to law; but, as might be expected, the suit went against him, and the holy brotherhood had sufficient influence to get him dismissed from all his offices, and banished the court. Respected by no party, and stripped of everything, for which he had sacrificed honour and conscience, the old man wandered about in poverty, and died unlamented—a striking example of the hollowness of a life devoted to the world and unsustained by principle.



## A VISIT TO THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

IV.—A MORNING AT COPELAND'S CONTINUED.—MINTON'S TILE-WORKS.

We left the printed wares in the muffle, evaporating the oil from their colouring matter under the action of heat. After remaining there ten or twelve hours this is thoroughly accomplished, when they are withdrawn, and, being first allowed to cool, are ready for the glazing process. While they are cooling we may as well walk into a neighbouring chamber, and glance for a moment at the operations of the biscuit-painters. Here we find a row of women and girls seated at long benches, and engaged in painting upon wares of a comparatively cheap description, for domestic use, simple floral and botanical designs in various colours; the figures they paint are not too much like nature, and we question whether their prototypes are to be found in any horticultural collection; but they answer the purposes of the market, and, being executed with remarkable rapidity, can be sold at a small price. The women lay on the colours with a camel-hair brush, using gum-water as a vehicle; but they are limited in the choice of colours, confining themselves to the use of such only as will stand the heat of the glazing-oven. No firing in the muffle is required for wares thus coloured under glaze.

In connection with this simple mode of painting the biscuit, we may as well notice another still more rapid method of colouring wares in this state, and which is done in the following manner:—The article to be coloured, be it jug, mug, or basin, is put by the operator into a lathe and set in motion. As it turns round, the artist—if such he is to be called—who is provided with a queer contrivance, shaped something like an old Roman lamp or a modern butter-boat, divided into several compartments containing different colours, puts this machine to his mouth, and blows any colour he chooses upon the revolving ware. The predominating tint is a reddish kind of brown, splashed with blue. The reader must often have met with these wares; they are rarely wanting in the travelling hawker's basket, and in country wayside inns appear very much to have supplanted the old-fashioned "brown jug" of lyrical notoriety.

Now comes the important ceremony of glazing, upon which not only the beauty but the perpetuity of the wares is in a great degree dependent. The potter is indebted to a knowledge of chemistry for the composition of his glazes; and upon this subject no small amount of capital has been expended and no end of experiments made. Every manufacturer has his own prejudices on the subject of glazes, and, as a general rule, each prefers his individual method of compounding them. The object, of course, which all have in view is to coat their wares, at the cheapest possible outlay, with a hard, glossy, translucent and impenetrable surface, which shall not "craze" with time, nor if possible scratch with use. Were it necessary, we might give a score of different receipts, each warranted to compound a good glaze, having at least that number lying upon our desk; it is enough, however, to say, that the principal materials used are white lead, Cornish granite, flint, flint glass, red

lead, borax, litharge, with various oxides and protoxides, etc., etc. These materials, or rather certain selections from them, may be prepared either as a raw glaze or a fritted glaze, the difference between the two being very important. In raw glazes the materials are merely ground together; but in a fritted glaze they are first, or at least the major portion of them, calcined and vitrified in a furnace previous to grinding, by which means they are much more effectually combined together, and yield a much more durable as well as a thinner and consequently handsomer coating to the wares. Further, glazes differing in composition are required for different species of goods; thus wares printed blue require a glaze which will furnish oxygen to bring the cobalt to the state of peroxide; while green, on the other hand, must be dipped in a glaze as free from oxygen as possible, and rather carbonaceous, in order to bring the chrome to a state of peroxide.

The glaze, whatever it may be, being ground to the greatest degree of fineness, is diluted with water in the same way as the clay slip, and apparently to the same consistency. The biscuit ware, either plain for white ware, or printed or painted in the manner above described, is next carried to the glazing-room, where we find the dipper and his assistants supplied with the fluid glaze in large tubs. The dipper, a pale, sallow, and rather jaundiced-looking individual, is immersing the several pieces of ware, one at a time, in the white milky-looking fluid; as he withdraws each piece from the flood he gives it a knowing professional jerk, which has the effect of throwing off the superfluous moisture and settling what remains equally upon the entire surface. In a very few minutes the thirsty biscuit absorbs the whole of the moisture, and appears covered all over with a thin layer of the finely pulverized ingredients compounding the glaze, and which, when vitrified in the fire, becomes incorporated with the substance of the goods, and at the same time as transparent and polished as glass. This process of glazing, or rather dipping, is the only melancholy part of the potter's industrial operations: owing to the quantity of finely levigated white lead mixed with the glaze, enough is absorbed through the pores of the skin to poison his whole system, to embitter his existence, and materially to shorten his life. In the various potteries which we visited we saw evidence of its effects sufficient to assure us that such is the case; and we met with more than one instance, during our short stay, of dippers invalidated and unable to work through the poisonous effects of the lead. This disastrous result might be altogether avoided by the use of a pair of waterproof caoutchouc gloves and sleeves; but such a preventive, if suggested, would probably be looked upon as an insult by the workmen themselves, and is not likely to be adopted unless by the philanthropic compulsion of the employer.

The goods having been dipped in the glaze and allowed to dry, in which condition they will bear handling very well without parting with the coating of glazing matter, are now again packed in saggars, especial care being taken, by the aid of the numberless little spurs and triangular stilts before alluded to, that they do not touch one another in the sagger, since if they did they would



be inevitably vitrified together by the melting of the glaze in the fire. The saggars, being properly loaded, are now carried to the kiln or "gloss-oven" for a second firing. The gloss-oven is not so large as the biscuit-oven, nor do the goods remain in it so long, nor is the fire so fierce; all that is wanted being heat enough to fuse the glaze upon the surface. When this is satisfactorily accomplished the fires are slackened, the oven allowed to cool, and the goods drawn forth and removed in baskets to the glossed warehouse, where they undergo a rigid examination, and some little necessary dressing with steel implements, to remove any trifling projections of the glaze occasioned by the use of the small spurs and stilts. The separate pieces are now sounded, and, the defective ones being rejected, are ready for sale.

In the above description of the potter's operations, so far as it goes, we have had reference to earthenware articles alone; but the reader will naturally be expecting some observations on the subject of porcelain or china wares, for which a few words, however, will suffice. Theoretically there is a considerable difference in the materials which compose the substance of china, from those used for earthenware; in practice, however, the chief difference seems to consist in the addition of a large per-centage of calcined and ground bones to the earthenware material, in some manufactories amounting to as much as nearly, if not quite, half of the entire substance. The bones are used thus largely for the sake of the phosphoric acid they contain, the effect of which is to render the aluminous and silicious earths with which they are combined translucent. The glaze for china should be harder than that used for earthenware, but its application and the mode of firing differ in nothing from the modes above described. Though it is undoubtedly true that the finest and most beautiful wares produced in the potteries are made of china, it by no means follows that all china wares are necessarily superior to earthenware of good quality. Some of the first-class potters produce a species of earthenware which is as much superior to the rough, ill-shaped china wares of the cheap makers as good silver is to base coin. It is with the productions of the potter as it is with those of the artist; if people *will* have Raphaels and Correggios at seven and sixpence a piece, they can be manufactured at a corresponding cost; and if people *will* set a china tea-service on their tables at a cost of a few shillings, the makers are to be found who will minister to their pride and their economy in the same contract, and get a profit out of it too.

We must glance now at the ornamental and artistic departments of the potter's art. As a general rule, both the artist and the modeller may be said to work upon the finest material, porcelain or china forming usually the body of the wares and the substance of the figures which the one adorns and the other moulds. This rule is however not universal, as specimens of earthenware are to be found, at Etruria at least, and perhaps in other places, as rich in ornamentation as are the choicest specimens in china. We have already seen women and girls at work painting in colours upon the biscuit, previous to glazing; and we have seen that they are limited in choice of tints,

in consequence of the trying ordeal their work undergoes after it leaves their hands. There are no such limits, however, affecting the artist who paints upon the glaze; he can spread a rich palette and make use of colours of the greatest brilliancy, and he may produce pictures upon any subject in any branch of art in which he may happen to excel. He has one great disadvantage to contend with, but he soon becomes familiarized with it, and probably is hardly aware of it after the practice of years: we allude, of course, to the fact that he has to paint in disguised colours, which only manifest their real hues when they come out of the fire. In this establishment we find a group of artists in an upper room by themselves, quietly pursuing their fascinating art. Flower-pieces, landscapes, sporting-pieces, fruit-pieces, are gradually growing into form and brilliancy under their hands. Rich and elaborate designs, fanciful ornaments, arabesque patterns, and heraldic or civic blazons displayed in minute interlacings of scarlet and gold—such are some of the glittering evidences of their taste and industry which greet the eye at every turn. The colours used, which look rather dull upon the palette, here represented by a square Dutch tile, are one and all prepared from metallic oxides, and they are ground up on the premises with certain fusible transparent materials suited for the several colours of which they are made the vehicle, and which, melting in the kiln, actually become so many coloured glasses incorporated with the body of the ware. A great deal of gold is used for ornamental purposes, and this is applied to china in the state of an amalgam with a metallic flux, ground fine with turpentine; it is mostly prepared in London for the potter's use. When the artist has finished his picture, it has to be placed in the enamel-kiln, where the flux used as the vehicle of the colours vitrifies, and the tints assume their proper hues and brilliancy: this, however, is not the case with the gold, which still retains a dull brownish hue, and has to be burnished by hand before the finishing is complete. On entering the burnishing-room our ears are assailed by a rapid clattering noise, such as might be made by a score or two of pairs of castanets all in exercise at once: this proceeds from the enthusiastic operations of the polishers, a band of a dozen or two young women each armed with a blood-stone burnisher, and all rattling away together upon such parts of the surfaces of a variety of costly wares of every description as are ornamented with gold. The process they perform appears to be the last which the wares undergo, after which they are ready to be packed for consignment to the retail trader, or for removal to the show-room.

Besides the printing, the biscuit-painting, and the enamel-painting, there is a style of ornamentation which has lately sprung up, and which, being susceptible of indefinite improvement, and at the same time not necessarily expensive, bids fair to become exceedingly popular. We allude to the practice, of which we saw many successful specimens in the various show-rooms of the first-class potters, of transferring engraved landscapes and views in the same way as the common printed patterns are transferred, and afterwards colouring them artistically with enamel colours upon the



glaze. There is no reason why engravings of the first excellence should not be thus transferred and coloured; and it appears to us more than probable that a manufacturer, who should bring taste and judgment along with a little spare capital to bear upon this comparatively new branch of the art, would succeed in creating a demand for articles which might be rendered eminently beautiful and supplied at no very extravagant cost.

Passing from one imitative art to another, we are next introduced to the makers of the exquisite statuettes in porcelain, or, as it is here called, parian ware, and to which we have already alluded. The mode of manufacturing these charming figures is as follows: the separate parts of the figure are cast in separate moulds by pouring in the fluid slip, and allowing it to remain in the mould until the plaster of paris, of which the mould is formed, has absorbed a certain quantity of the water; the remaining liquid is then poured or drawn off, leaving that portion of the composition from which the moisture has been absorbed adhering in the form of a hollow cast to the inside of the mould. This is allowed to harden for a certain time, and is then released from the matrix. For a single figure, it may happen that as many as twelve or fifteen moulds are required; and some of the groups of two or three figures, we were informed, are cast in the first instance in as many as fifty different pieces. The putting the pieces together, so as to preserve the most perfect proportion, is of course the difficult part of the business; heads, arms, trunks, legs, hands, feet, lumps of drapery, military boots and naked toes, etc., etc., lie jumbled together before the workman, who gradually builds up from them the perfect statue, or the sculptured group, to the semblance almost of life. The several parts are cemented together with the fluid material in the state of a thin paste, and the numerous joinings are so artfully filled up, and so perfectly surfaced, as to defy the most scrutinizing examination to detect them. There are many difficulties to contend with, however, in perfecting these figures. The material of which they are formed is of such a nature as to shrink in the firing, to which it must be subjected to such a degree that it comes out of the furnace three-fourths only of the size of the original model. It happens moreover that, until burnt, the ware is not sufficiently strong to retain the form into which it is sometimes cast; thus Apollo with his outstretched arm must have a support beneath it, or the limb would bend downwards with the weight of the material: some figures and some groups especially require numerous supports, and these must necessarily be all made of the same substance, in order that they may shrink as the statue shrinks in the fire; otherwise the result would be some intolerable absurdity or deformity, rendering it of no value. It is fortunate that the shrinking of this fine composition is always uniform in every part, and that the minutest points of resemblance, even in a small bust, are never injured by it. Perhaps there is no invention of the present era which has done more to popularize the love and appreciation of fine art than that which has given us the parian statuettes. It has multiplied innumerable copies of the classic productions of both native and foreign sculptors, and has made the

people better acquainted with what constitutes excellence, by setting before them examples of it which constrain the admiration even of the most rigid connoisseur.

On leaving the manufactory, having witnessed the gradual progress of the ware from the native clay up to the costly equipage from which a monarch might be pleased to dine, we are led into the show-rooms, where we are made aware of the extent of the potter's resources, and the numberless purposes to which his art is applied in the present day. He not only employs the services of the artist and supplements those of the sculptor, but he supersedes the labours of the marble-mason, and enables his patrons in some degree to dispense with those of the cabinet-maker. He casts slabs of porcelain or earthenware whiter than alabaster, and adorns them with wreaths and bouquets of flowers on which the butterflies rest and the dew-drops glisten; and these are to blossom by the winter fire-sides of the wealthy, in place of the veined marble of Italy or the home-dug porphyry of Cornwall. He paints sunny landscapes upon panels of porcelain for the virtuoso's cabinet or the lady's boudoir. He vies with the jeweller in the costliness of his dessert services, and excels him altogether in appropriateness of design. He has perfect confidence in the virtues of clay, and fashions it into any form he chooses, from a child's drinking-cup not worth a penny to my lord's inkstand worth twenty guineas, or a pair of vases cheap at a hundred. He will make you a goblet no thicker than a bank note, the weight of which shall hardly turn the scale, or a bouncing pickle-pot: in short, he does what he likes with it, always supposing that he makes a profit out of it.

Thus much for a glance at the operations of the potter. Were we to chronicle the results of our visits to other establishments, we should in the main be going again over the same ground, such differences as exist in the modes of manufacture at different potteries being scarcely perceptible by a casual visitor, and of no interest, if they were, to the general reader. The stranger who perambulates the large factories and the splendid show-rooms of the district will come to the conclusion, that though some of them affect and excel in peculiar branches of manufacture more than others, yet the modes of production are necessarily similar, and that having witnessed them once he need not recur to them. At Ridgway's, delightfully situated on a rising ground upon the skirts of Shelton, he will find that particular attention has been bestowed upon the sanitary branch of the art, and he may witness some admirable, simple, and effective contrivances adapted for the preservation of domestic cleanliness and atmospheric purity in dwellings. Here, too, he may chance to see in operation a machine for making conserve and toilet-pots, for which a prodigious and increasing demand has arisen within these few years; and in the show-room he may perhaps imbibe the conviction, that though the specimens of art in painting on china are neither so large nor so numerous as he has seen elsewhere, some of them are executed with a vigour and at the same time with a delicacy and feeling rarely if at all equalled in other places. At



Etruria he will be struck with the extraordinary perfection of finish, even in the commonest articles there produced, with the general chasteness of design and harmony of colour that characterizes the whole—the absence of gaudy hues and tawdry contrasts, and the judicious use of gold in combination with mixed tints, evidencing the influence of a true taste in the management. He will mark the marvellous marble-like surface of the specimens of finished earthenware, and the elegant equipages composed of that material, the sharp impression it brings from the mould, and the rigid integrity of form which every article retains in spite of the fiery ordeal of the kilns. He will not fail, either, to admire the exquisite jasper wares in body of purest blue, overlaid with floral designs modelled in a material pure as snow, and delicate and transparent as the finest cameos. At Alcock's-hill Pottery, at Burslem, he may, if he have time, spend hours in the long galleries filled with triumphs of the potter's art in all their endless variety, from the most elaborate modellings which, being wrought by hand, must have taken months to execute—one specimen of which is a bird of paradise, finished in every film-like feather to the perfection of life—down to the commonest domestic wares. He will doubtless find other distinguishing excellences among other potters, but we must decline attending him further on his journey, being compelled to return to Stoke, where we must devote an hour to the tile-works of Messrs. Minton, which present some very remarkable subjects for observation.

It may be in the recollection of our readers that the Messrs. Minton carried off the council medal, in consequence of the artistic merit of their great dessert service, which attracted universal notice at the Great Exhibition. They have two large establishments at Stoke, and they have carried out the practice of the potter's art with the greatest success in all its branches. Their imitations of ancient vases are unrivalled in beauty of design: their parian figures, of which they manufacture large quantities, are not to be surpassed either as to purity of material or quality of workmanship; while, in all the decorative branches of the business, they have obtained a character for high mechanical skill combined with excellent taste. They have further succeeded in the making of hard porcelain vessels for chemical purposes, for which the chemists of this country were formerly indebted to the manufacturers of Germany; their crucibles are found to be equal in all respects to these of Dresden, and have the advantage of being much cheaper. It is in the manufacture of tiles, however, for mosaic pavements and inlaid floorings, and for the walls or courts of public edifices, that they stand almost alone and altogether unrivalled. The demand for these naturally arose with the revival (in many respects to be regretted) of mediæval art in this country, and the attention of architects and designers was directed to the means of producing them in accordance with principles of sound taste. They are of various sorts: some of a single colour, such as black, buff, or red, and some with ornamental designs of various colours; some are reproductions of the antique, and others from devices by Pugin, Wyatt, and other artists. They are of all sizes, from those

near a foot square to those not a quarter of an inch; and of various polygonal shapes, from octagons to triangular sections of a square. They are applicable to numerous building and decorative purposes; any pattern, however intricate and elaborate, may be wrought with them in mosaic; and being hard almost as flint, they are likely to endure as long as the building in which they are laid down. On entering Stoke from the railway station, the first thing upon which the traveller sets his foot is a handsome sample of this mosaic tile-work, the gift of the Messrs. Minton; which serves to remind him that he ought to witness the process of their manufacture before he leaves.

The tile-works of the Messrs. Minton are in the same street with the pottery of alderman Copeland, and but a few minutes walk from it. We shall describe, as briefly as possible, their mode of manufacture as we happened to witness it, being obliged, however, from want of space, to condense it. The clay, after having been carefully prepared, is dried in pans only to the consistency of glaziers' putty. While yet soft, it is impressed in moulds fixed in small hand-presses, which imprint the design or pattern in intaglio upon the surface of the tile. In order to form the different colours, the colouring matter is ground up with some fusible material to the consistency of thickish cream, and the tints required are poured in a fluid state into the hollows which a die has depressed for their reception. The moist tiles are then removed to a chamber heated with flues to a temperature of eighty or ninety degrees, where they dry gradually; and while they yet retain a certain amount of moisture, being in about the same condition as earthenware in the hands of the turner, their surfaces are scraped perfectly level, and they are dressed to shape with the greatest care and precision. After this, when sufficiently dried, they are placed in saggars, piled in prodigious quantities in the kiln, and fired at a high degree of heat for a period of eighty or ninety hours. When taken from the kiln, the colours are fast and unchangeable, and the tiles, hard as flint, are ready for use. Looking to the immense number of dies necessary to complete the pattern of a single floor, where that is formed of one design, a small and trifling portion of which can only be impressed on each tile, the expense of getting a manufactory of this description into working order must be something terrific. We saw a flooring thus designed, no three pieces or which appeared to be perfectly alike, laid out on the floor of the warehouse ready to be packed, and thought it would be difficult to conceive anything more beautifully appropriate to the purpose for which it was designed. The most chaste application of tile-work, however, in Stoke, and perhaps in England, is a lofty staircase opening into the magnificent show-rooms of the Messrs. Minton. The walls are a complete mosaic of sober greenish grey, figured with a half-invisible pattern, which agreeably breaks without disturbing that quiet and retiring hue which forms the best back-ground for the human figure.

We must now bid farewell to the Potteries; thanking all parties for the courtesy which we experienced in the course of our inquiries.



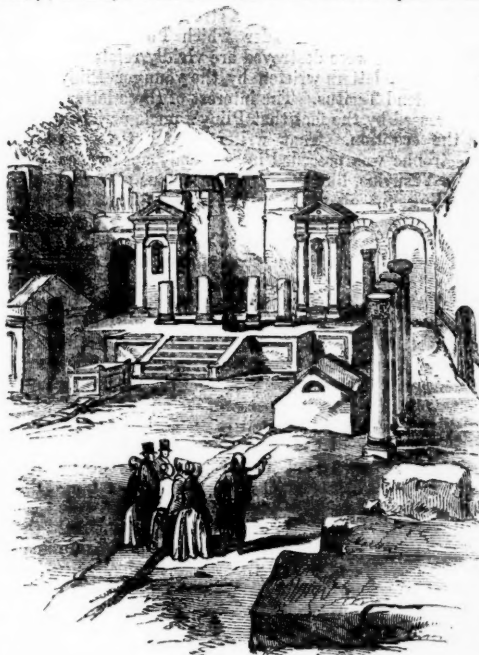
## POMPEII.

TIME carries on many trades: it is a builder and dilapidator, a varnisher and a corroder; it sometimes heaps rubbish and sometimes removes it; it is by turns an engraver, a painter, a reporter, a refiner; it digs new graves and acts as a resurrectionist upon old ones. Some of its doings in the last department are very characteristic of modern discovery, and illustrate the apparent paradox, that history is often better understood by us than it was by those who lived nearer to the events themselves. What a tale is told by modern museums of Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Athens, Herculaneum, and Pompeii! To the exhumations which have taken place in the last-named cities, we owe nearly all the information we possess respecting the domestic manners of ancient Rome; more, indeed, than could have been derived from the vestiges of the Eternal City itself. By electric agency, the east now begins to speak to the west; but by volcanic agency, antiquity has here spoken to posterity.

Pompeii, we need hardly tell our readers, is the name of an ancient town of Campania, distant about thirteen miles from Naples, and situated at the base of Vesuvius. Though the name of Pompeii occurs occasionally in the Roman annals, it did not possess any splendid historical celebrity; but, in consequence of a quarrel with the neighbouring city of Nuceria, it is reported to have fallen under the displeasure of Nero, and to have been interdicted by his command from celebrating theatrical games during the period of ten years. It suffered severely from earthquakes in the years A.D. 63 and 64, and fifteen years afterwards was entirely overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius—the first catastrophe of that kind known to have occurred. Herculaneum and its neighbouring city of Pompeii were by that event simultaneously destroyed; the former by the melted lava which poured upon it from the volcano, the latter by showers of cinders and ashes which accompanied the eruption. The nature of the visitation allowed most of the inhabitants time to escape and even to remove their most precious property, though their dwellings were altogether buried by the rain of ashes.

During sixteen centuries Pompeii remained hidden from the eye of man. Grass, corn, and vineyards flourished above the prostrate city, till, in the year 1689, the attention of the neighbouring inhabitants was first called to the relics of buildings protruding themselves through the soil. It was not, however, before 1755 that any considerable excavations were made. The process of exhumation was then begun, and it has since been carried on, though unequally and at irregular periods, till about a fourth of the ancient city has become visible; laying open to the eyes of a wondering posterity traces of ancient habitudes untouched by time; revealing the very finger-marks of distant ages; and exhibiting, in the most perfect state of preservation, an embalmed mummy of a Roman city, which may be regarded as now partially unswathed.

Most travellers in Italy are familiar with the deep indentation of coast in which Naples is situated, and have regarded with unbounded admiration a scene said to be unrivalled throughout the world. Lying between the two promontories of Misenum and Sorrento, each of which is flanked with islands seeming greatly to prolong their projection—possessing a soil of almost inconceivable richness, presenting a quick succession of natural curiosities, and associated with the most precious memories of past history—the bay of Naples has no parallel to the varied interest it excites. From some vine-clad ridge of Vesuvius the eye can range over the tideless waters of the blue Mediterranean, sparkling with the life of a summer's day and dotted with white and distant sails; whilst, as it wanders along the shore, it fixes successively on Cumæ, the fabled home of the ancient Sybil on the



TEMPLE OF ISIS.

singularly bold promontory of Misenum and its beautiful contiguous islands—on Puteoli, lying back in the bay of Baia, and which once formed a week's resting-place of the apostle Paul in his voyage towards Rome—on the city of Naples itself, presenting towards the sea a mass of lofty buildings in the shape of a double crescent, and associated with the memory of Belisarius and of the crusades—and, immediately beneath the feet, on Portici, the site of the ancient Herculaneum; whilst wandering farther on, it rests upon the white buildings which mark the place of Pompeii, now distant from the sea, but once upon the shore of an encircling bay; and further still upon the somewhat level but volcanic promontory of Sorrento, terminated by the bold and picturesque island of Caprea, the scene of the pleasures and too frequently of the vices of Roman emperors. When we remember that the scene we



look upon embraces the haunts of Cicero and of Virgil; the source whence arose the fable of the pagan hell; the plain of the Solfatara, where the visitant feels himself walking over subterranean fire; and the place of the Lucrine lake now filled up by volcanic agency; we have conveyed to the reader an outline, though an imperfect one, of the principal objects which render the bay of Naples so glorious. Yet this transcendently lovely scene was, in the year A. D. 79, the theatre of a catastrophe the horrors of which defy description.

French enterprise has done much in laying open the buried city of Pompeii to the view of the present age; and, by carting away at great expense the ashes by which it had been choked up, has enabled the traveller to walk through streets or roads in which he may behold the almost perfect remains of amphitheatres, temples, baths, domestic residences and villas, besides a street of tombs.

The circumstances under which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed are vividly related in some extant letters written by the younger Pliny to his friend Tacitus. The interest of these letters is increased by the fact that Pliny's uncle perished in the eruption. That writer relates that the catastrophe was preceded by a cloudy appearance above Vesuvius, like that of an enormous pine-tree spreading out above into the shape of branches, and that the elder Pliny, his uncle, having received a note from a friend whose villa was situated at the base of the mountain, conjuring him to come by sea to her rescue, (inasmuch as her escape by land was found to be impossible,) ordered a galley to the spot. On his approach to the shore, cinders, pumice stones, and heated ashes fell thick upon the vessel, and as the sea was rapidly retiring in consequence of the masses thrown from the mountain, he was in imminent danger of being stranded. Unable, therefore, to proceed in that direction, he caused his vessel to be turned aside towards the residence of his friend Pomponianus, whom he found in great alarm at the eruption now raging so terribly. This villa proved, however, no safe resting-place, and perceiving that if they remained longer within doors they would become choked up by the showers of ashes, the whole family, with their visitor, took refuge in the open fields, with pillows tied over their heads to defend themselves from the projected stones. But the mephitic vapours proved too much for the elder Pliny, who was a corpulent old man and inclined to apoplexy. He died of suffocation during the long night produced by the volcanic rain, which hid for three days the light of the sun.

Such is the account given by the younger Pliny of the fate of his uncle. He adds to it that the light was, from the commencement of the eruption, almost obscured, and that the houses tottered so much as to compel the inhabitants to leave the town for the country. The darkness soon became total. "Darkness overspread us," says Pliny, "not like that of a cloudy night or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinct. Nothing was then to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands; and the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come which was to de-

stroy the gods and the world together." During this time, all persons were obliged continually to shake off the ashes, which otherwise would speedily have buried them. When daylight returned after this awful eruption, the scene, Pliny tells us, was entirely changed. Cities, towns, vineyards were lost to view, being covered over with a thick incrustation of white ashes, which appeared like a deep fall of snow, but which no succeeding sun could melt. Much of this deposit was so mingled with steam from the burning mountain as to have fallen like liquid mortar; and among the discoveries made at Pompeii was that of the skeleton of a woman, encased in a kind of mortar of ashes, which presented after so many ages a perfect impression of her form before the flesh had mouldered away.

It would be impossible for us to present in a single paper even a catalogue of those objects which modern discovery, digging amidst the ruins of ancient Pompeii, has succeeded in revealing. The fortifications of the city, built of uncemented lava, may be very distinctly traced, its outward wall about twenty feet in height divided from its interior and higher wall by an esplanade of fourteen feet in width. Gates (one of them not very dissimilar to Temple-bar) had formed the openings through this defence into the city, and portcullises closed the apertures. The narrow winding streets still exhibit the ruts made by the constant passage over their lava-paved surfaces of the *biga*, or two-horse chariot then in use, and even show points where an elevated stone was placed to enable the passenger to cross them dry-shod. There are the remnants of the forum, around which, as was usual in towns in the splendid periods of Roman empire, all the principal buildings were ornamentally clustered. At Pompeii are also found the remains of public offices, of courts for the administration of justice, the granary, the prison, and several temples dedicated respectively to Venus, to all the minor deities (the Pantheon), to Mercury, and to Jupiter. It was in a scene similar to this at Athens that the apostle Paul had stood, not long before the catastrophe by which Pompeii was destroyed, and had proclaimed the spirituality, the unity, the superintendence of the God of heaven, with the dread declaration, that as criminals were brought before the public tribunal which stood in the Athenian forum, so should all the world answer before God's universal judgment-seat!

Near to the forum at Pompeii are the remains of the ancient baths, always conspicuous in classical towns, and evidently regarded by the Pompeians as erections of no small importance. The observer may distinctly trace the arrangements made for conducting and heating the water, and the separate apartments, floored with mosaic, in which men and women severally made their ablutions. The very pegs are extant on which the bathers hung their clothes. These ancient Romans, whom every classical schoolboy is taught to look upon as impersonations of the sublime, were but ordinary mortals after all! A handsome and large chamber, called the *tepidarium*, through which the warm moist atmosphere well known in oriental baths was diffused, so as to prepare for the greater heat of the hot bath, is also in a state of considerable preservation. Another room remains



in which were performed the shampooing operations still practised in the east.

On the other side of the forum stand the places of public entertainment. The walls yet retain the stone staples in which was fixed the apparatus employed to screen spectators from the heat of the noon-day sun. A remote corner of the city exhibits the amphitheatre, where the Romans gratified their almost incredible passion for the combats of human beings with each other, or with beasts of prey; with all the extensive preparations requisite for confining the beasts until the appointed moment of combat. Here, if conquered, the gladiator appealed to the mercy of the spectators, and if they turned down their thumbs it was the sentence of death; and here, if conqueror, he obtained, if a slave, his freedom, or, if a freed man, was rewarded by a sum from the public treasury; or received the palm-branch, which constituted one of the highest honours—a token employed by the sacred writers, to commemorate the victors in a conflict which consists not in warring against flesh and blood, whether of beasts or of men, but in the conquest of self and sin and the spiritual agencies with which every believer is surrounded. Sculptures found within the ruined city forcibly illustrate some of these gladiatorial combats.

Pompeii was well supplied with public fountains, spouting out their water from leaden or bronze heads, as is common in modern times, fitted up with leaden conduits to convey the necessary supply.

The private houses of Pompeii, like those occupied by Roman citizens in general, were seldom used simply for purposes of habitation, but had their lower parts formed into shops, constituting a considerable source of revenue to the owners. One of these houses exhibits the remains of a cook's shop, open during the day to the street, with its oven and convenience for provisions, cooked and uncooked. Some of these residences show the marks of having been once superbly decorated, though exposure to the atmosphere has already destroyed portions of these valuable remnants of ancient art. The most perfect and curious of these houses is that which bears the name of PANSAMÆD. on its principal entrance, perhaps the residence of the Ædile Pansa. It was evidently a majestic structure, and is entirely surrounded by streets. From the appearance of a cross upon the walls of one of the shops on the ground floor, it has been conjectured by Mazois that its occupier was a Christian. The house presents the *atrium*, or principal hall, with its cistern of water, exhibiting still the remains of a *jet d'eau* in its centre. In the kitchen can be discerned the various furnaces used for cooking and stewing; and there was found in it a painting representing the household gods worshipped as the protectors of provisions, with the implements used in preparing them, and not unlike in general character to the brownies and fairies of modern date. In the garden of another house may be seen the remnants of a summer-house intended for an occasional banquet, with the table and couches of stone, on which, when covered with mattresses, the guests might recline.

These disinterments make strange work with modern self-esteem. Things, which we had fondly thought were the inventions of a recent age, are proved by these researches to be no very modern

inventions notwithstanding! If, in constructing our present streets, we imagine that we have made great advances upon more ancient days, Pompeii may teach us that there were trottoirs and curbstones before we were thought of! The fresco paintings, which we attempt to revive, were known long before Michael Angelo and Raphael painted the Vatican, with the addition that in the Roman city they could resist, during 1800 years, the action first of fire, then of damp. The chequers of a modern alehouse are but reproductions of antiquity. Our saloop and coffee apparatuses had their prototypes centuries ago in the thermopolia of the ancients. Pompeiians, as well as ourselves, could make use of artificial doors where it was not convenient to have real ones. If we paint on our shops the well-known words, "Purveyor to her Majesty and Prince Albert," it was done before us. "The scribe Issus beseeches M. C. Vatia, the Ædile, to patronize him: he is deserving." Howsoever we may pride ourselves on the invention of glass, many fragments of that material, in some cases coloured and fashioned for drinking, are found in the ruins of the buried city. Steelyards and scales are shown to be but the modern appropriations of ancient discoveries. Mirrors reflected the countenances of ancient, as they do of modern, beauties. Callipers and compasses were as well known in that day as in the present. Censers then sent up their fragrant odours before the shrines of religious worship; though the false notions the ancients entertained of Deity rendered the offering a less mockery than it is when the spirituality of the Holy One is so widely known. The illustrated placards which adorn our city walls exhibit an idea at least as old as the times of Vespasian. Locks were elaborate in their construction before Bramah offered his rewards and American pick-locks accepted them. Paintings were in advance of Van Eycke himself, and caricatures amused the Pompeiians as much as they do ourselves. Sausages were eaten at the foot of Vesuvius before Germany gave them a name. Then as now, old garments were scoured by careful housewives till they resembled new. An ancient water-tap yet remains to prove how similar it was to the device of our own times. Gilded pills, otto of roses, lanthorns, extinguishers, braziers, frying-pans, tweezers, bells, slit money-boxes, pins, combs, with many other articles, some of which have the date of their invention assigned to a much later period, are distinctly ascertained to have been in use before they were imbedded in volcanic ashes eighteen centuries ago. Such discoveries may well tempt us to say, with the Gascon, "These ancients have stolen all our fine thoughts!"

It is gratifying to turn to some things, however, which mark very distinctly the processes of modern improvement. What advances may we observe in the construction of our towns, as well as in many of the domestic arts of life, since the days of Pompeii! No slave now exhibits his African features in attendance on his master. What progress has navigation made since the time in which ships were impelled by the long lines of oars, worked by hard hands at the command of despotic masters and unskilled sailors! Spectators no longer crowd with avidity to witness the bloody scenes exhibited in gladiatorial conflicts! The elaborate instruments of an old and fatiguing penmanship, which was too



slow for the enlightenment of men, have been long superseded by an invention which has dispersed over almost all lands the knowledge of science and of truth. The apparatus for the worship of "the gods many and lords many" have yielded to the knowledge of a purer faith, then beginning to be taught, but very inadequately known! Our days have incomparable advantages. We have, therefore, more for which we must give account!

Some of the remnants of this Roman city are extremely affecting. The accompanying engraving is from a bas-relief at Pompeii, and is supposed to represent a mother hastening in grief to bind a funeral fillet about the head of her child, who had perished in some previous earthquake, and whose skeleton had been just discovered. The represen-



tation is in sad accordance with the last crisis of the city itself. Mournful evidences of the suddenness of the event which surprised the inhabitants abound. Bread has been discovered, ready baked and prepared for the next meal. A table exhibits the staining of the wine-cups last used upon it. Another house exhibits the remains of the calcined dresses hung up in the wardrobe. Fish-bones, and other remnants of the repast, showed the place where the inhabitants had partaken of their last meal. The impress of another, apparently hurrying away with her infant in her arms, was left in a mass of indurated ashes. Skeletons were found in various positions—some grasping money, some apparently overtaken whilst hurrying away with precious articles, and a number crowded in a confined spot, exhibiting true evidence of having been unable to escape from a narrow room, in which they had been confined by the catastrophe, and of having been starved to death.

Can we fail to be reminded of the words of one who had, at the time of the destruction of Pompeii, just left the world which he came from heaven to visit that he might teach and save it? When describing the future destruction (which took place only nine years before the swallowing up of Pompeii) of Jerusalem, and when employing it as an emblem of the suddenness with which the judgment of the last day shall come, he says: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. There shall be two in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. For as in the days that were before the flood they

were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not till the flood came, and took them all away; SO SHALL THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN BE!" How many will that day find unexpected! how many unprepared! In how many cases will the awful fact anticipate the morrow which the thoughtless and self-indulgent had promised themselves! May it be ours to be found in a posture of watchfulness, expectation, and prayer, as those who know not "at what hour their Lord doth come;" so that whilst the delusions of the ungodly shall be swept away, leaving them naked and desolate, we may be found to have lost nothing.

#### RAILWAY SIGNALS AND COLOUR BLINDNESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING mechanical improvements and increased experience, railroad accidents multiply with distressing frequency. Moved by this, our legislators are now determined on a thorough scrutiny of the *régime* of our iron roads; and we rejoice that scientific men also are taking up their more peculiar department of the question. Foremost amongst the many interesting papers recently called forth by this topic, is one on the subject which forms the title given above, lately communicated by Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts.

Colour blindness has now for a considerable period excited interest amongst scientific men. Daltonism is the name given to it by continental philosophers, who call the subjects of it Daltonians. As might have been anticipated, however, this coupling of the name of the Manchester philosopher with a personal defect was not to be brooked by his countrymen, and the peculiar defect of vision referred to has accordingly got other names. More generally intelligible and expressive than the many Greek compounds, is that which we have above employed.

Of the three primary colours, yellow seems upon the whole the tint which gives the least difficulty to those not absolutely unconscious of colour; blue, when pure and well illuminated, is readily recognised by the majority of those affected by colour blindness; red, however, the least refrangible coloured ray of the spectrum, is the primary colour most distracting. For some it has absolutely no existence, and for the majority it appears undistinguishable from its complementary colour green. So it was with Dalton, who by daylight saw no difference betwixt the red of sealing-wax and grass green, and who could not distinguish the leaves on the trees from the brilliant scarlet of his Oxford doctoral gown. Once, indeed, he is said to have walked the streets of Manchester in knee-breeches and red stockings, which latter he thought were blue. He saw in the solar spectrum only yellow, blue, and purple; or rather two shades of blue at the more refrangible end of the spectrum, and yellow throughout the rest of its extent. M. Sismondi and Dugald Stewart were also distinguished by this defect. The latter could tell the cherries on a tree from the leaves by their shape alone, being insensible to red. Mr. Troughton, the celebrated optician, and all the male mem-



bers of his family, are also examples of the defect now under notice. They see blue at the more refrangible end of the spectrum, and yellow throughout the rest of its extent.

Red, green, and white being the colours used as signals on railways, it becomes interesting to inquire how far the prevalence of colour blindness may lead to misconstruction of their meaning. The question again arises—to what extent does this malady prevail? Although our information is still very defective, the answer is sufficient to startle us. According to Prevost, it occurs in one male among twenty. Leebeck found five cases among forty youths in Berlin. In his own chemistry classes, where from mistakes as to precipitates and the like he had long previously suspected it, Dr. Wilson found, last winter, two well-marked cases; five other cases have likewise made themselves known to him. One of his pupils has four relatives possessing the same peculiarity of vision as himself. Amongst some 150 students, Professor Kelland, of Edinburgh University, has also found three examples of marked colour blindness.

To these Dr. Wilson adds, on less definite authority, at least twenty additional cases as existing in Edinburgh, and several in other places. "With three exceptions," he says, "the whole of the cases known to me occur in persons of the male sex; and frequently in members of professions which might seem to necessitate for their successful prosecution the nicest sense of colour. Thus, on my list I find four well-known painters, three surgeons, two stationers, two dyers, a shawl-manufacturer, a clothier, a paper-maker, and an enamel maker. It will thus be seen, that although it would be unwise to generalize widely from the few statistical observations yet made on colour blindness, the number of persons subject to it is, according to all published accounts, so high, that among the servants on every railway line cases may be expected to show themselves." Professor Allen Thomson, of Glasgow University, who, some ten years ago, investigated this subject, has also arrived at a conclusion similar to Dr. Wilson's, "namely, that it rendered the employment of coloured signals on railways perilous to the safety of the public."

But some one says that, supposing a guard or engine-driver possessed of this peculiarity of vision, he has merely to read the signals not as they actually appear, but according to what he knows to be their true interpretation. The "stop" signal, red, will appear green, and *vice versa*. Facts, however, do not coincide with this hypothesis; for in the cases examined by Dr. Wilson, and also in those encountered by Professor Kelland, there was not merely false vision of colours, but literally colour blindness. Green was not merely affirmed to be red, and red green, but all colours were doubted, and the same colours were on different occasions named differently. Indeed, so uncertain were three of them as to their inferences of tints, that, in a court of justice, they were unable to swear to any colour. Therefore, white and black would be the only colours which these, as railway signal men, could with confidence and ease distinguish. Thus do Daltonians—to repeat that term—not merely misconstrue certain of the primary colours, but dimly apprehend all.

With these facts before us, and also remember-

ing the many recent catastrophes from false signals, or misapprehension of those shown, it is evident what directors ought to do. Signal men, engineers, railway policemen, and guards, must in future not only be interrogated as to their character and qualifications, but also regarding their eyesight. Besides, there must be a strict scrutiny of the whole of our existing staff. Directors need not be over-squeamish on this point. It is better that a man otherwise well fitted for service should have his pride hurt, than that his defect should be first discovered amidst the agonies and wild confusion of a railway disaster.

Even those in non-official stations have been sometimes long in learning the true nature of their affection. It was first revealed to a surgeon, by his inability to distinguish the scarlet berries of the rowan, or mountain-ash, from the leaves of the tree. "What is that funny green thing?" said another in his childhood, as, suiting the action to the word, he forthwith took up a red-hot cinder. A stationer, afflicted with a similar infirmity, would persist in offering blue sealing-wax when asked for red; another person in the same trade knew no difference between pink and pale-green tissue papers; and so many blunders did he make in satisfying parties regarding the colours of book bindings, that his master forbade him to take any orders in reference to them. An excellent artist would in a landscape colour the waves of the sea bright pink; while a distinguished connoisseur, possessing a capital eye for form, and whose collection of paintings and engravings was wont to be visited by many, betrayed when at school his defect, by colouring the flowing mane of a horse bright red! A gentleman went, a few years ago, to a draper's shop, to buy some green baize; unfortunately he purchased a very bright red, excessively painful to his eyes by lamplight, although agreeable enough by daylight. While in Paris, another procured for himself, as he thought, a green cap, but it turned out to be a *bonnet rouge*; and he startled a lady who commissioned him to procure for her a green dress by bringing a red one. Thus, a person may grow up from childhood to manhood, and it may be years ere he discover this peculiarity of vision. All these facts, then, cry out for an inspection of eyesights.

Not only, however, are railway signals liable to be misconstrued by Daltonians, but it would appear sometimes also by those possessed of perfect vision. In a recent letter to the "Athenæum," Mr. W. H. Tyndall has pointed out, that the red and green danger signals, when seen together in certain circumstances, may be and were on actual trial mistaken for white. He says: "Some weeks since, I made an experiment on one of the metropolitan railways, with a green and a red signal lamp. A man was stationed at the end of a tunnel about 400 yards long, and directed to wave the two lights together: the pointsman at the other end, not knowing anything of the nature of the experiment, was asked what light waved. He was satisfied it was white, and could not be persuaded that two lights, a red and a green, were really used, although the matter was afterwards explained to him. I did not then pursue the experiment; trains were expected to pass, and it was important not to interfere with the ordinary lights. It is not improbable



that some of the accidents which have occurred in railway travelling have arisen from the colours of the lights shown being indistinctly seen; perhaps from a confusion of rays from two or both the lamps. In some cases, most contradictory evidence has been given as to the colour shown."

Thus, then, have we made out good cause for inquiry into our system of signals. Let us hope that the discussion of these researches will not be confined to scientific societies and literary journals, but that they also will be deeply pondered at shareholders' meetings and directors' boards. To those learned in the mysteries of engineering and locomotives, and deeply versed in the maintenance of plant and permanent way, the writer pretends not to offer counsel: will they, however, allow him to make but one remark? Let one system of signals be submitted to competent scientific approval, and then adopted by every line in the kingdom. Why such an endless diversity as at present? Although not given to travel, in the course of our short pilgrimages we have been often struck by the fact of this diversity. We knew almost every new line of railway we entered on, just as surely as if we had crossed the borders of a foreign country, by the new sign-language employed. All the lines starting from Edinburgh, we believe, have a different code of signals. Seven or eight years ago, when each railway was a separate and isolated line, this arrangement might have been tolerated; but now, when junctions and cross lines unite our country in one great arterial system of iron roads, public safety demands that a uniform code be employed. From the facts above stated it will be evident, that at night we must trust less to the *colour* of the lamps than to their *shape*; (this remark, by the way, applies also to the use of signals at sea.) The *day* station signal, for instance, employed on the north-western line, in which the *red* signal is on a longer post than the *green* one, appears the most unobjectionable of those now in use. This too, however, may have its disadvantages. At present we are content merely to draw attention to the subject.

Dr. Wilson, we understand, still continues his researches, and will gladly receive any details of yet unpublished cases of colour blindness. He draws particular attention to the fact, that only some six cases of this defect are as yet on record as occurring in the female sex.\*

#### THE LAIRD OF DUDDINGSTON'S DINNER.

THE following curious anecdote of General Dalzell, so generally known in connection with his persecutions of the Covenanters, is extracted from a work recently published, entitled "Family Romance; or, Episodes in the Domestic Annals of the Aristocracy."

Lord Dundee has found many admirers, but no voice has ever yet been raised in favour of another noted persecutor of the Covenanters, General Thomas Dalzell. Yet, in this stern executor of the behests of his sovereign, there were gleams of kindly and amiable feeling, with which the exercise of his authority was occasionally tempered.

Thomas Dalzell was the son of the laird of Binns, an estate which had not been long in his family. He was early imbued with the most devoted sentiments of loyalty to the king, and all his influence as a country gentleman was exerted in behalf of Charles the First. After the execution of that monarch, he allowed his beard to grow, in token of mourning; and, until the close of his life, he never suffered it to be shaved or trimmed, but used a large comb, which is still preserved as a relic in the family. Disgusted with the Commonwealth, Dalzell sought military service abroad. He entered into the Russian army, and soon obtained high rank. He was lieutenant-general to the czar Ivan, and distinguished himself in the wars which that monarch waged against the Tartars. He was a stern, commanding old soldier, with high notions of military discipline, strict and conscientious views of what he considered his duty and loyalty to his master, which could not be shaken. Although his rank was high, and his power was great at the court of the czar, he could not resist the impulse of his loyal feelings, which urged his return to his native country on the restoration of the Stuart line; and he came back to Scotland, an old and war-worn veteran, to consecrate his latter days to the service of the son of that master whom he had dutifully defended when alive, and for whom he had never ceased to mourn.

A curious story is related of General Dalzell, which is noticed by a popular historian of the present day. In the course of his continental service he had been brought into the immediate circle of the court of the emperor of Germany, possibly having been despatched on some diplomatic mission by the czar to the successor of the Cæsars. He had the honour to be a guest at a splendid imperial banquet, where, as a part of his state, the German emperor was waited on by the great feudal dignitaries of the empire, one of whom was the duke of Modena, the head of the illustrious house of Este. Thus the veteran Scot was seated at a table, which, for form's sake, was served by princes. After his appointment, by king Charles the Second, as commander-in-chief in Scotland, he was one day invited by the duke of York to dine with him and the duchess of Modena. As this was what might be called a family dinner, the duchess manifested some degree of repugnance to admit the general to such an honour; whereupon the veteran remarked that this was not his first introduction to the house of Este, for that he had formerly known her royal highness's father, the duke of Modena, and that his highness had stood behind his chair, while he sat by the emperor's side!

After his period of foreign service, Dalzell returned with great wealth and honour to Scotland, where, during the remainder of his life, he united the functions of a country gentleman and improver of his paternal estate with those of a stern and severe military commander. King Charles II appointed him commander-in-chief in Scotland. He exercised this authority strictly, perhaps unmercifully, while he resided at his beautiful seat of Binns, which he embellished with handsome buildings and fine woods and gardens. His long residence in foreign countries, his outlandish appearance and habits, his venerable, white, flowing

\* Dr. Wilson's address is 24, Brown-square, Edinburgh.



beard, and a certain reserve and mystery in his manners and deportment, contributed to environ him with a superstitious awe; and he was noted, far and wide, as a necromancer and wizard. He himself enjoyed the wonder and dread with which this reputation inspired his country neighbours. He surrounded his pleasure-grounds with walls, in which he had formed secret passages, which enabled him to overhear much that went on while he was supposed to be at a distance; and, in the house of Binns, there are hidden stairs and corridors, and concealed doors, which enabled the general to maintain a character for ubiquity as well as preternatural knowledge.

One of the nearest neighbours of General Dalzell was the laird of Duddingston, George Dundas, a gentleman of very ancient family, being a cadet of the old and distinguished line of Dundas. He was proprietor of an extensive estate, and dwelt in an ancient manor-house standing on the outskirts of a beautiful wood, about two miles above the Frith of Forth, and four miles and a half from Binns House.

George Dundas and Katherine Moneypenny, his wife, were most exact in the punctual performance of their devotional duties; and the exercise, as it was called, of prayer, praise, and reading of God's word was regularly engaged in three times every day. On these occasions every member of the family, without exception, was expected to attend. And a goodly sight it was to see the numerous children of the laird and lady, their large body of domestic servants, and the guests who were in the habit of surrounding their hospitable board, kneeling before the throne of grace, and lifting up their voices with one accord in the praise of their heavenly Father.

Though Dundas was a strict religionist, he was anxious to perform the dutiful offices of a country gentleman; and, as one of them, he considered the keeping up a friendly and neighbourly intercourse. Much, therefore, as he disapproved of General Dalzell's severity in the exercise of his office of commander-in-chief, and sincerely as he deplored the working of the measures of government, he was anxious to be, as much as possible, on a footing of kindness and civility with him, as one of his nearest neighbours, and one with whom his family had always kept up intimacy, notwithstanding an hereditary opposition of principles. No sooner, therefore, was Dalzell returned from Moscow, than Dundas sought to renew his friendship with him, and the general gladly met him half way; so that the puritan laird surprised many of his covenanting friends by the familiar intercourse which subsisted between him and the king's lieutenant. But when persecution broke out this intercourse slackened, although it did not cease.

It happened one day, during a visit which the commander-in-chief paid to Binns House, to enjoy a little relaxation from the fatigues of duty among his groves and gardens, that he sent to say to Dundas that he would go to Duddingston to dine with him. With a heavy heart the Lady Duddingston heard her lord return a favourable answer to this proposal. She had learnt to look upon her old neighbour as a wicked persecutor and enemy of God's people, and on that account alone she would have shunned his society. But she was

moved with immediate fears for the safety of her husband and family. She knew that the daily mid-day prayers would not be omitted before the commander-in-chief; and she was well aware that many expressions occurred in them which might offend Dalzell, and perhaps bring his vengeance upon her husband and children. She, therefore, secretly gave orders to her old grey-headed butler to cause dinner to be served up in the hall without the usual preliminary exercise of prayer and praise. Dalzell and the other guests were assembled; Duddingston, his lady and family, had done the honour of reception with due courtesy to their distinguished guest. The great bell was rung; Dundas's countenance wore for the moment an expression of stern solemnity. He had a duty to his God to perform, which he knew might involve him in trouble, for he would not omit one iota of his usual services before the king's lieutenant.

Dundas, being thus prepared to brave the lion in the pride of his power, was much displeased when his train of servants appeared in the hall, not bearing his usual cushions for prayer, bibles, and psalm books; but the smoking trenchers, capacious vessels, and portly flagons for the noon-tide meal. He immediately ordered all these preparations to be delayed, and the cushions, psalm books, and bibles to be brought in in their place. The Lady Duddingston's heart sank within her when she saw the firm purpose of the laird. She thought of the fate of many of the heroes of the covenant, and expected to see her husband, as soon as prayers were over, ordered down to his own hall door, and borne away by the dragoons who had waited on the general, and who were at that moment being regaled with the best that the larder and cellars afforded. But there was no help for the laird's constancy to his cause and his custom, and all that she could do was to pray God to soften the persecutor's heart.

The religious services were accordingly performed as usual. The prayers were said, the psalms were sung, God's mercy was invoked for his suffering servants, the king's cruel purposes were deprecated, and especial allusion was made to the general himself, whose hard and stony heart the Lord was entreated to soften. Dalzell quietly took his part in all the exercises, knelt, listened, and stood up with the rest; and when all was over, he went up to Dundas, embraced him, and congratulated him upon being an honest, high-principled, and courageous man, who did before his face exactly that which he would have done behind his back. He said that he honoured his sincerity, and would scorn to take advantage of the opportunity which his hospitality had afforded, of letting his real sentiments be known. He then sat down to dinner with much cordiality. Next morning he sent a score of pikes and halberds to Duddingston, with which he laird might arm his servants to defend him or his house in case of any sudden attack during those times of trouble

#### WORTH REMEMBERING.

OCCASIONS arise to every man living in which the hopes offered by religion are the only stay left to him. Godly men have that within which cheers and comforts them in their saddest hours. Ungodly men have that which strikes the heart like a dagger in its gayest moments.



## Varieties.

**RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN TUSCANY.**—"A journey on a Tuscan railway (which is government property) is no trifle," says Von Rochan. "At the railway terminus in Florence there are formidable difficulties to be encountered. In the first place, the entire body of the Florentine flower-girls have their station here. Before the coachman can open the door they sound their war-cry, and pour forth a flood of sweet speeches and good wishes for the journey of the hapless traveller. One pokes a nosegay into his right hand, another into his left; one bestows a decoration on his button-hole, a fourth stuffs a handful of flowers into his coat-pocket; and all these manoeuvres do not for a moment interrupt the flood of chattering which makes your ears ring again. A swarm of porters have meanwhile thrown themselves on the luggage, the coachman is in a hurry to be paid, fruit and cake-sellers pester you with their very superfluous wares; in short, ten tongues and twenty hands would be but a scanty allowance to rid yourself of the locust-swarm by which you are overwhelmed."

"When at last I had actually escaped into the peaceful harbour of the waiting-room, the inexorable bell warned me that I must not spare a moment to recover breath; and I obeyed its summons to the carriage. What a carriage! Perhaps I have been put by mistake into the fourth class, thought I, and applied to the guard. 'We have no fourth class,' was the reply; 'there is the third'—he pointed to an open truck, without any seat, and with a railing about a foot high as its sole protection: 'this,' he added, in conclusion, 'is the second class.' The bench on which I sat was a good span across, stuffed, I should imagine, with hazel nuts, and provided with a bolt-upright wooden back—a real martyr-bench."

**JAMAICA COPPER MINES.**—Considerable attention is at the present time directed to the discovery of copper in Jamaica, which is probably destined to produce a great change in the commercial aspects of that island. Tradition has long pointed to its existence, and a survey undertaken about three years ago, by some American gentlemen, proved it beyond any doubt. Several companies have since been formed for the purpose of opening mines in the most promising situations. A considerable quantity of ore has been already extracted from the mines; and a recent steamer from Jamaica brought a specimen weighing 380lbs., which it is intended to place in the new Crystal Palace. The locality of the mines is understood to be most beautiful, presenting mountain scenery scarcely to be surpassed in any country. The climate is also agreeable, with a moderate and comparatively unvarying temperature.

**PORTABLE IRON CHURCH FOR MELBOURNE.**—The application of galvanized iron to structures of various kinds is extending with astonishing rapidity. We have either seen or heard of railway termini, warehouses, manufactories, cottages, villas, hotels, and parsonage-houses; one of the last examples is that of a church for the district of Melbourne, Australia. It comprises a nave and two side aisles, with pulpit, reading-desk, baptistry, vestry, and a tower; the whole covering an area of seventy feet by forty-eight. The outside casing is entirely of galvanized corrugated iron; the inside walls being lined with half-inch boarding, canvas, and paper. The ceiling, under the roof, is of inodorous felt, also lined with canvas and paper. The church contains nearly 700 sittings, besides every fitting complete for divine service; and the whole was erected in five weeks, at the cost of £1000.

**SIAMSE TWINS.**—These unique beings, who have been for years flourishing farmer in North Carolina, are, it is stated, about again to visit the principal American and European cities.

**SAFETY LAMPS.**—Mr. Reuben Plant, of Holly Hall, near Dudley, has patented a new modification of the safety lamp, strictly on the principle propounded by Sir Humphry Davy; but, by an introduction of a novel material in a portion of its construction, a greatly increased illuminating power is obtained, superior to one with a glass cylinder, and without being subject to the objections attached thereto, of their liability to fracture from drops of water falling on them while in a heated state.

**DARING OF THE ITALIAN BANDITTI.**—One of the most astonishing instances of effrontery on the part of these pests of the Italian peninsula that we ever remember to have met with, is recorded by Von Rochan, in his "Wanderings through the Cities of Italy." Speaking of the Bolognese, he says:—"The whole province is now full of the sayings and doings of one Belloni, surnamed Il Passatore, who, for some time past, has been playing the robber-captain in it on a grand scale, and after the most approved fashion of romance. The governor of the province set the price of 1000 scudi on Belloni's head; Belloni set 2000 scudi on the governor's head, and everybody is convinced that he could and would pay the money if the conditions were fulfilled. His master-stroke was struck in Forlimpopoli three days before I passed through. This town counts five or six thousand inhabitants, and one evening, while the greater part of the people were at the theatre, without the slightest idea of what was going forward, Belloni entered it with a numerous band and took possession."

"The audience were awaiting the second act of the performance, when the curtain drew up, and showed the muzzles of ten or twelve guns pointed into the pit by as many men with blackened faces. This scene was not in the play, but the explanation of it was soon received from the mouth of the robber-captain. 'I hope, gentlemen,' said Belloni, stepping forward, 'that you will not force me, by a useless resistance, to measures of violence, which would really pain me and must certainly frighten the ladies. The *gens d'armes* are overpowered, these keys in my hands are those of the town-gates, every outlet of the theatre is well guarded; in short, you are in my power. But do not fear that that power will be abused; fulfil my moderate wishes, and not a hair of your head shall be hurt.' He then drew a paper from his pocket, and read the names of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town, imposing on each a tax in proportion to his supposed fortune. As each was named, he was despatched home in charge of one of the robbers, and in every case brought back the desired sum."

"In the meanwhile those remaining in the pit had been stripped of their watches, rings, and purses: the ladies in the boxes, however, were not molested. Towards midnight Belloni departed, carrying with him a booty of from 10,000 to 12,000 scudi. The boldness of the undertaking is only rightly understood, when it is considered that about four miles from Forlimpopoli is the town of Forlì, strongly garrisoned with Austrian troops, which would have had time twice over to come to the rescue, if they had received intelligence of what was going on."

**SACKCLOTH ARCHITECTURE.**—The architectural pomp of Florence, it is found, on close examination, is for the most part mere show. One of the worst examples of this sort of deceit may be seen in the grand-ducal palace itself. On each side of the great door, in that side which is turned to the Boboli gardens, there are eight handsome-looking pilasters, and they are made—of sackcloth stretched over lattice-work. "I would not," says a recent visitor, "have believed my eyes had their evidence not been confirmed by that of touch; for I never rested till I had felt with my hands the object of my astonishment."

**THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF POPEERY.**—There are certainly some rich families in Rome; but to every rich man there are at least a thousand who are receiving alms, the number of whom indeed (if you include all who receive any kind of assistance from public institutions) amounts, according to the most accurate calculation, to no less than 50,000. So much for the pauperizing influence of Popery!

**BABYLONIAN INSCRIPTIONS.**—Dr. Grotefend, of Hanover, in deciphering the inscriptions of Behistun, has discovered one containing the offer of Nebuchadnezzar to let his son be burned to death in order to ward off the affliction of Babylon; which is very similar to what we read of the king of Moab, 2 Kings iii. 27. A second transcription tells us about the hanging gardens laid out for his consort. To these Dr. Grotefend has added some other descriptions which elucidate the Babylonian custom of child sacrifices, as illustrated by the cylinders published by the Syro-Egyptian Society.